Prologe

This is a diary for the things I saw in my dreams.
A mysterious, mysterious dream diary.
A block world, a monocrome desert, a snowy forest.
The darkness, the puddle the rainy roadway.

It's a lovely, painful and really fun, but slightly scary dream diary.
But it's alright, because it's all a dream.
If I pinch my cheek I can come back.

FIRST DAY

You said you'd come back, papa.

I'm taking care of the house properly.

So please, come back quickly.

How much do I have to wait, papa...?

I hate the door that won't let me go, and

I hate the TV too.

I also **REALLY HATE** this tall room.

Please quickly, take me out of here.

Help me, help me papa...

SECOND DAY

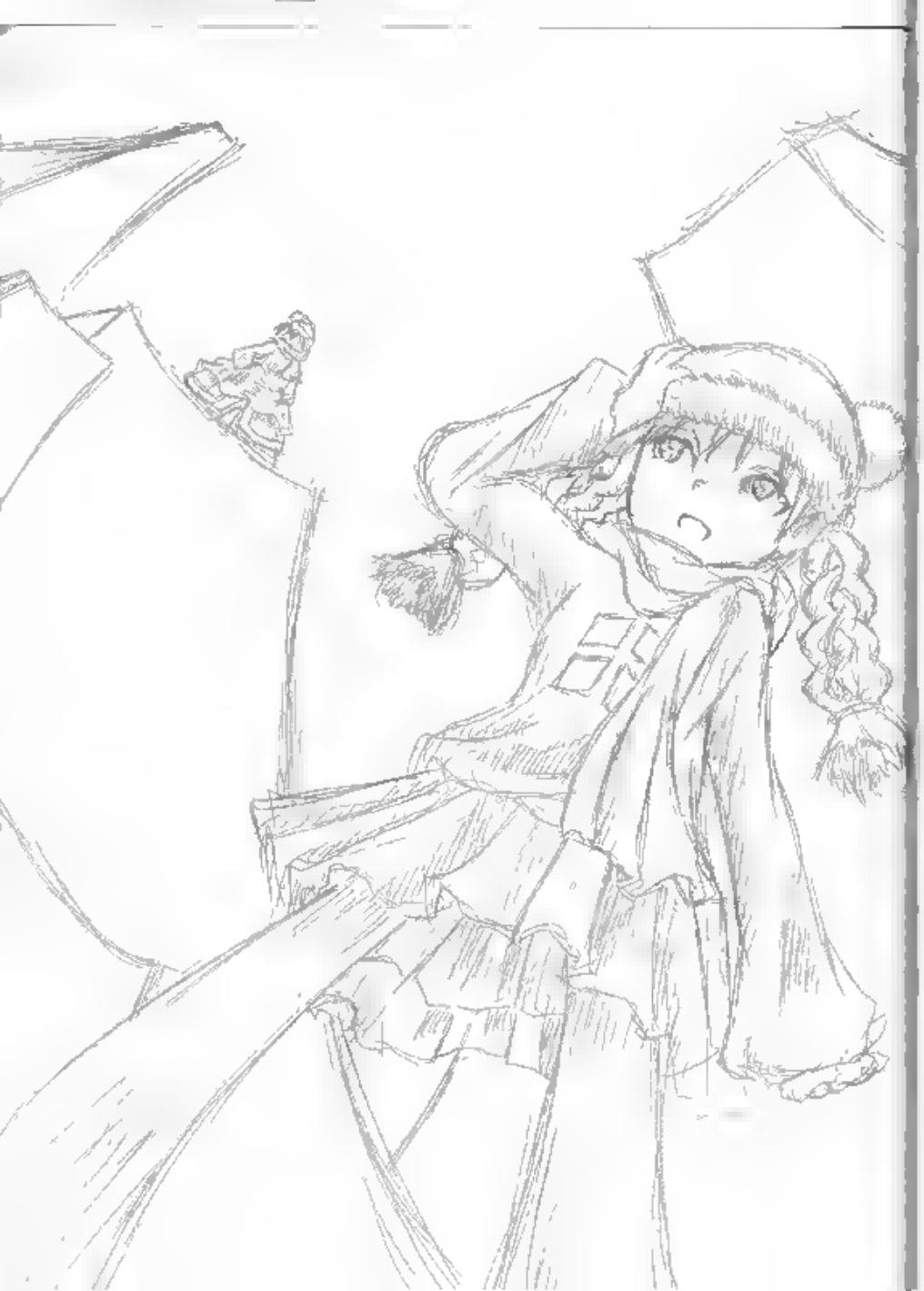
Even though nobody has told me
anything about it.
Even though nobody has done anything
to me.
Things such as getting scared by being
screamed, or getting something
important taken away from me.

Even though such things haven't
happened. My body... my heart knows.
"I must not be caught by them".
Gotta run. Gotta run. They will lock me
up.

THIRD DAY

I stabbed people I didn't know.
It was just after passing through
the tunnel.
In the little hill I felt my memories
calling me from inside with a cry.

Why is it that I feel okay with killing?
Who are those heads that come to
my mind?
I don't want to remember and yet
it may be something important.
I don't know I can't tell



FOURTH DAY

I found a cute hat and scarf.
I secretly took them, after all it's jut a dream.
When I thought I was found out.
I was glad to notice it matched that child's too.

After talking with her we became friends.
But she's far in a really tall place.
I will surely go up there, so please wait for me.
My good friend with a matching scarf and hat.

FIFTH DAY

Inside the desert full of wrapped things
my head got all dizzy.
In mysterious box that looked like a TV
I saw the descent of the only God.

Gazing at the flickering and sparkling
somehow feels too dreamy.
Oh yeah, I completely forgot.
This is actually a dream.

SIXTH DAY

Im the chilly cold snow.

Just a bit just a bit cold because of the snow.

Tiny. tiny. hollow. rounded I know about those.

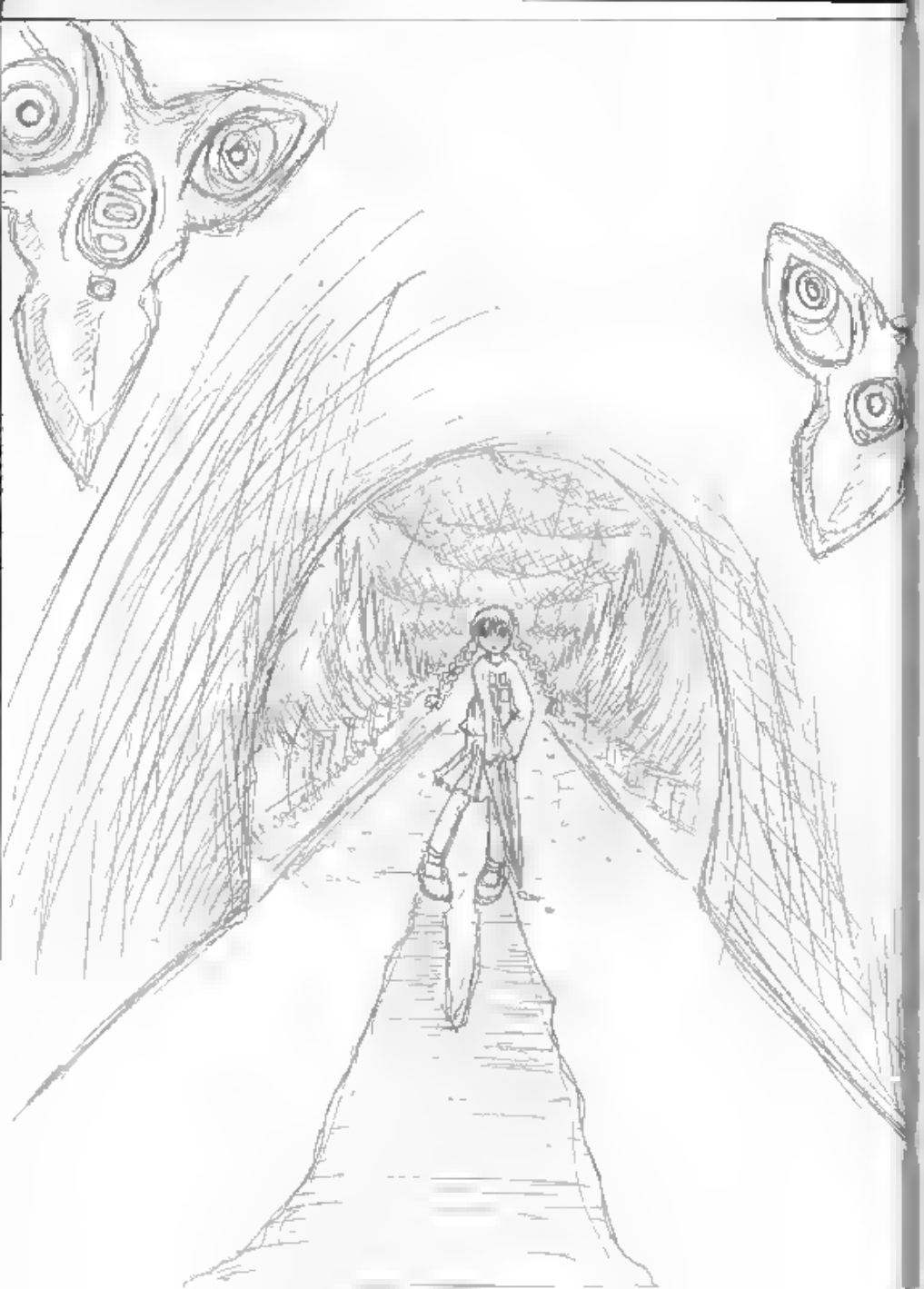
Huts to play im the snow like im Kamakura.

I feel so cold here.

is it really that warm inside?

She's dreaming even though this is already a dream.

If she woke up I'm sure we'd be friends.



SEVENTH DAY

I got completely drenched inside the forest.
I walked for a long, long time.
I took shelter from the rain in a tunnel.
It was a sightly scary hole.

Somehow, I felt observed by someone.
But there was no one there right?
I was tired of turning back, and I'm tired of advancing now.
Even if this is a dream, it really got hectic.

EIGHT DAY

The things from this world are
something completely unimaginable.
Yeah, after all this is a dream.
But the sorroundings make one feel
really uneasy.
From this point, the scenary makes me
anxious.

It almost looks like the personification
of a demon from hell.
No wonder this is just a dream.
I'm sure the place you go after dying is like
this.
That's why I'm a dead person.

NINTH DAY

A monocrome, colorless world.
After going around and around in circles she laughed with a grin and disappeared somewhere far away.
Wait please, wait. Don't go.

I have something I want to ask you.
I have something I want to tell you.
But, somehow, I can't remember what.
Wait please, wait. Please..

TENTH DAY

A monocrome, colorless world.
I was going around and around in circles.
What happened to you?
I want to help you but I can't.

Could it be... that it is my fault?
Or perhaps... perhaps... something I did?
I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry
I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry.

ELEVENTH DAY

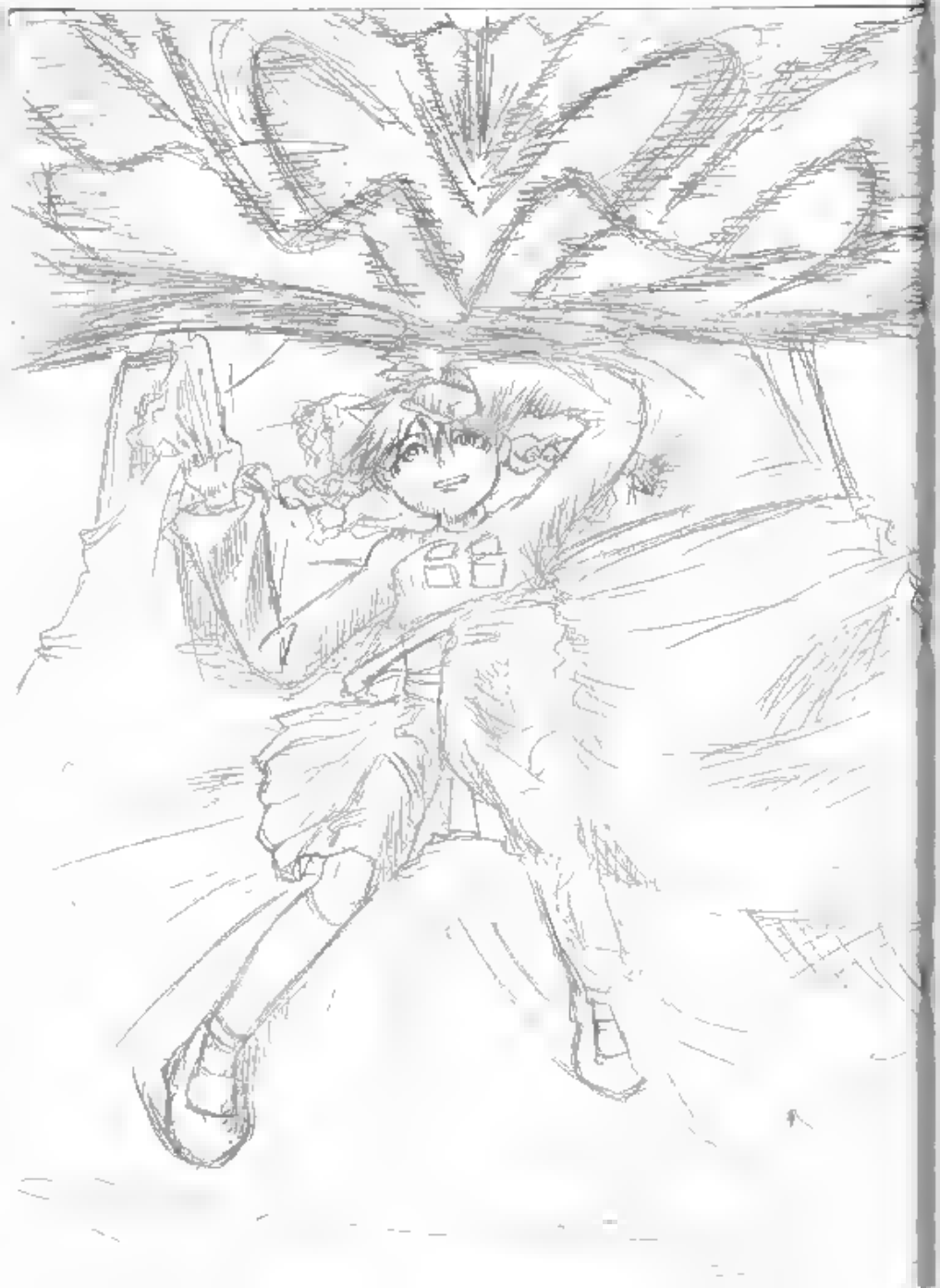
After leaving a completely red world
I found myself in a really dark forest.
There's a crowd of witches after me.
They follow me with their empty faces.

I tried to scare them making myself look like a bad cat but they still kept coming at me with their empty faces.
Only over my dead body you will be able to get me.
I'm going to steal your witch's power.

TWELFTH DAY

Flute, flute, how fun!
Pee-pee-oh-roh, what a pleseant sound!
Singing a beautiful song that makes the hair stand on!
Pika-pika, even the monster is singing!

At first I was a bit surprised,
but he's unexpectedly shy.
Is the handrail really that lovely to you?
I tried grasping it, but I don't think so.



THIRTEENTH DAY

I feel like it was a memory from the other side of the door
But I couldn't open it after waking up
That's okay, even if I can open it in my dreams it's okay, because I can wake up

XXXX XXXX XXXXXXX!

XXX! XXX! XXXX!!!!

!!!! !!!! !!!!!!!!

I won't try to open it no matter what when I wake up.

FOURTEENTH DAY

This is definitely a dream
But it's really really scary
These are dead so they don't move
But it's still pretty scary

If I use my hair, my eyes won't make
contact
I can't see, I can't see, I can't hear,
I feel like something moved
but this is dead so it doesn't move

FIFTEENTH DAY

After crossing the cold shallow waters,

There was girl living by herself.

My friend waited for me.

I was also a bit happy.

She's been always lonely by herself.

She seemed really, really happy.

But please, don't cling to me that much..

As expected, it's still embarasing.

SIXTEENTH DAY

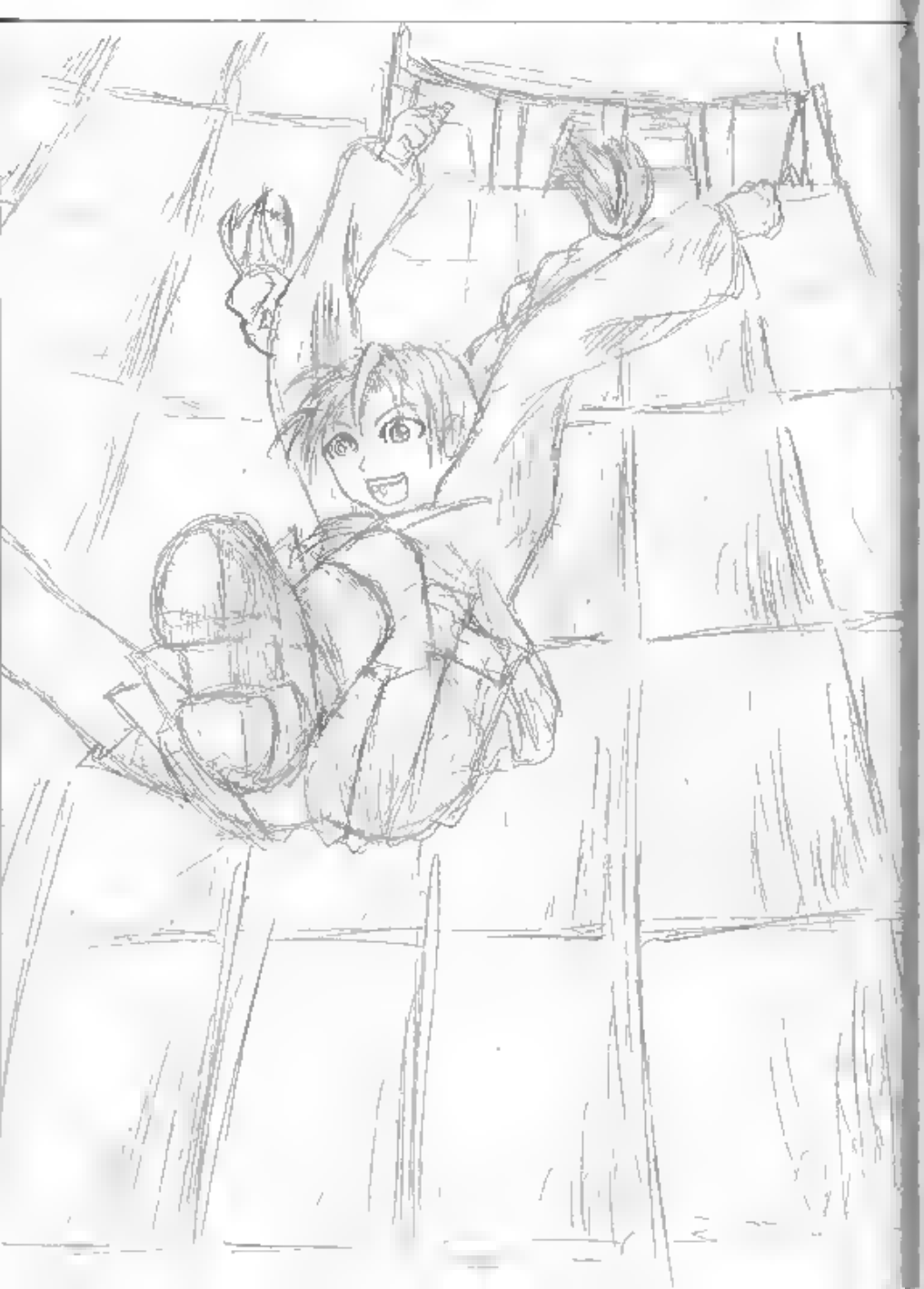
I unconciously started to investigate
around in this cute room.
See, after all, it's all a dream.
I was investigating just a bit too boldly.

I'm so sorry, I'm really sorry.
So please, return my friend
She's a really gentle girl.
So please, return my friend..

SEVENTEENTH DAY

I've been dreaming unnaturally for way too long.
On the cabinet I was cleaning,
I suddenly saw the reflection of a girl in the mirror. It almost felt like it was the first time I saw her.
You could say she looks sightly like me?

Don't tell me it's pointless or fruitless...
Don't say such things with my figure...
Even though I've been giving it my best
It seems everything was pointless, so...



EIGHTEENTH DAY

All the different dreams I saw end here.

From here on, I will see with my eyes open.

The weather is nice outside today

It feels like something good may happen.

The world I woke up to isn't sweet at all but,

somehow I'm feeling exited.

Since, after all, the world where I lived was

always so lovely and wide!

EIGHTEENTH DAY

I've opened many doors. But the door I opened
today was the one in my house
The long-awaited new school term
with the girls I saw even in my dreams.

I wonder if they've been alright all this time?
Somehow, I'm feeling really exited!
I'm sure they're waiting for me right now.
I'm going to eat!

「ゆめにっき」 "Yume Nikki"

げんさく by ききやま さま

A work by kikiyama

Nana/Brilliant Silkroad

2007ねん 7がつ 22にち

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2007ねん 8がつ 4にち
(Another End ver.)

"Yume Nikki Nikki"
by Nana/Brilliant Silkroad

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